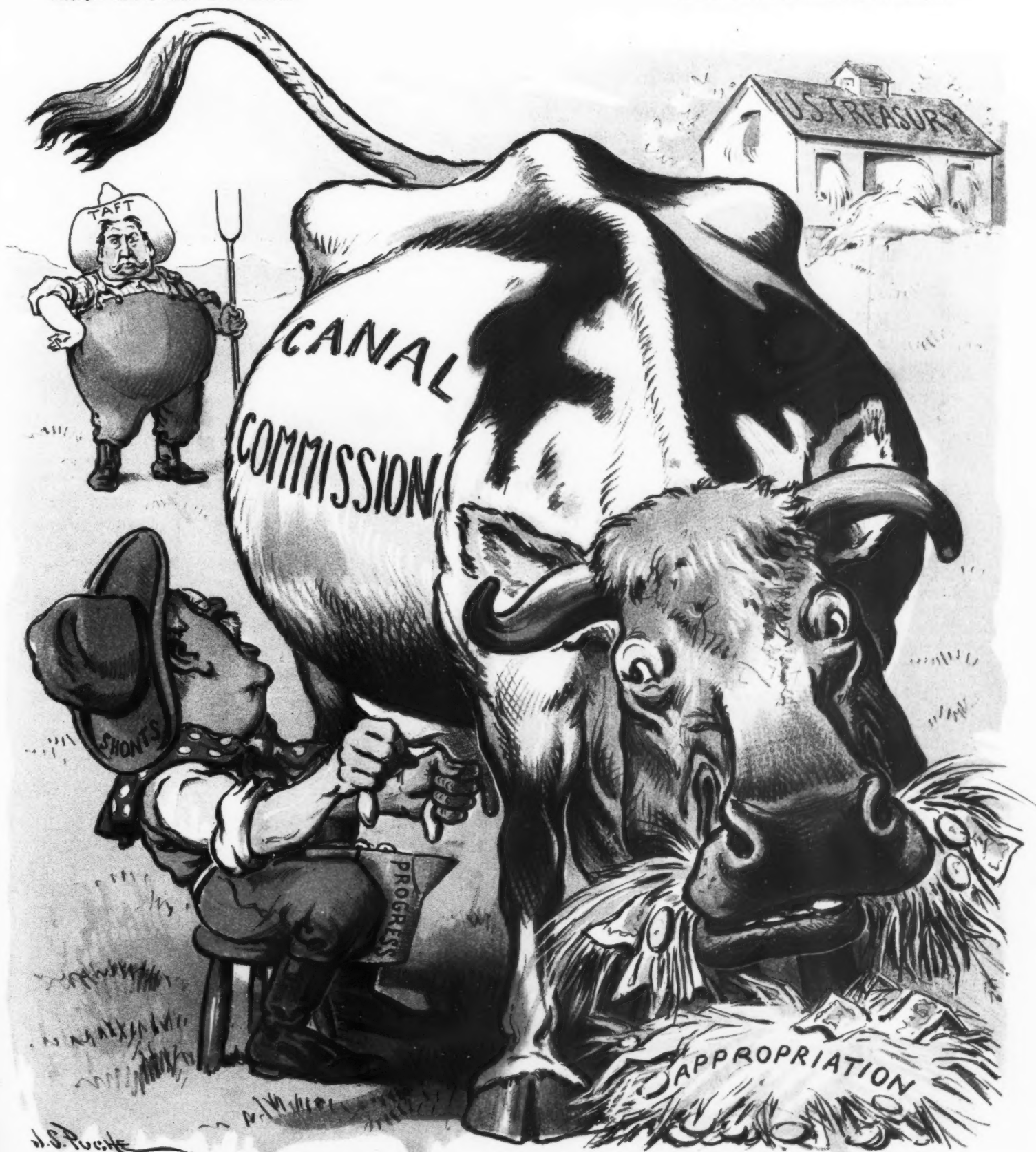


"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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"BILL, YE 'D BETTER GO UP TO THE BARN AN' GIT SOME MORE FODDER."



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Payable in advance.

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THERE WILL never be any question as to where Jim Osborne got it. The same old sensitive spot.

THE ROUGH-HOUSE tactics of the Philadelphia reformers were justified by the Homeopathic doctrine, Like Cures Like. Or, in the original Latin, *Slugilia Clubilibus Curantur*.

THE NUMISMATISTS and philatelists voted for Ivins, but the common or garden variety of "stamp" collectors voted for the other fellows.

AS EXCLUSIVELY predicted by PUCK, the President has appointed Nov. 30 as a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

THE PANAMA REPUBLIC is just two years old. And like other infants of that age, it gets a lot of fun out of digging in the sand.

ARE MANHATTAN and The Bronx civilized or Murphyized?—*The Sun* before election.

Not wholly civilized, but on the road to it.

WHILE MRS. DORR of New York woman-clubdom was speaking contemptuously of President Roosevelt's ideas about large families, Mrs. Wilson of Los Angeles was adding a second batch of triplets to the population. What's the answer?

PERHAPS, if the army canteens were stocked up anew with a well-selected line of patent medicines, neither the Army nor the W. C. T. U. would enter an objection. Congress may have this hint for what it is worth.

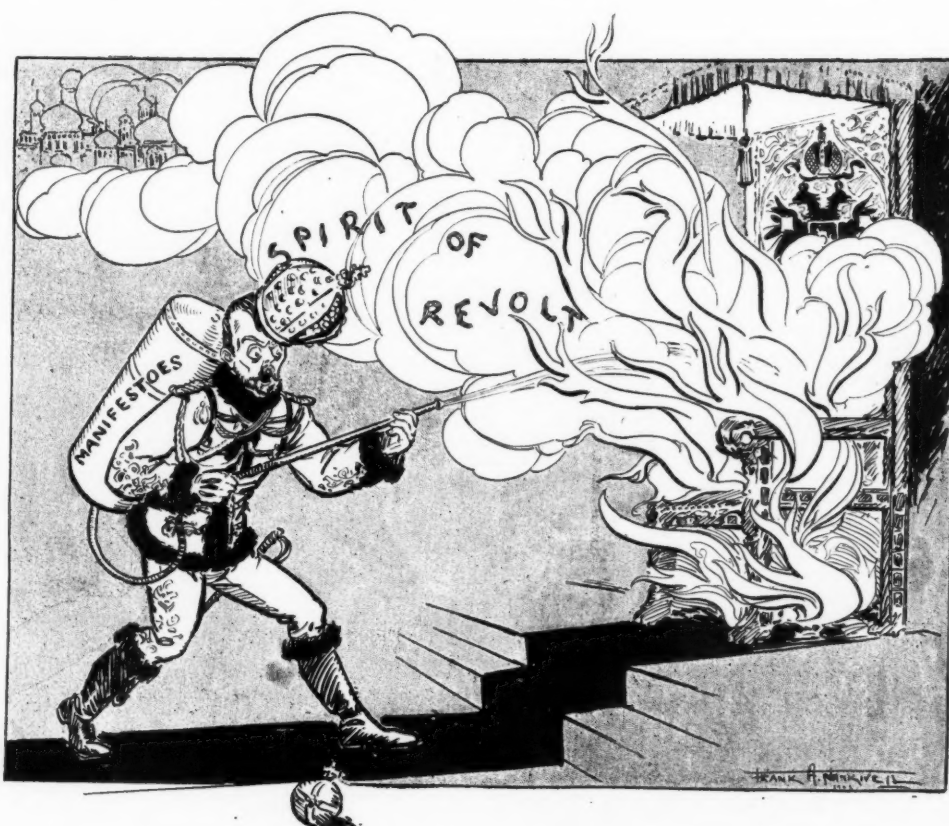
NOT GRAFTER New York quite yet, thank the Lord!

HEARST'S "zephyr vote" turned out to be quite a lively blow.

BOSS (EX) COX of Cincinnati says he will continue to vote the Republican ticket, "but others must bear the burden of future campaigns." If no longer compelled to bear the burden of Cox, Cincinnati will find the other burdens light.

AN ASTRONOMICAL sharp declares that there are no real canals on Mars. Well, Mars never had a Roosevelt.

PRINCETON is "to foster Association Football." In Association Football, the ball, and not your opponent's chin or stomach, is butted with the head. Wherein it differs radically from the collegiate variety.

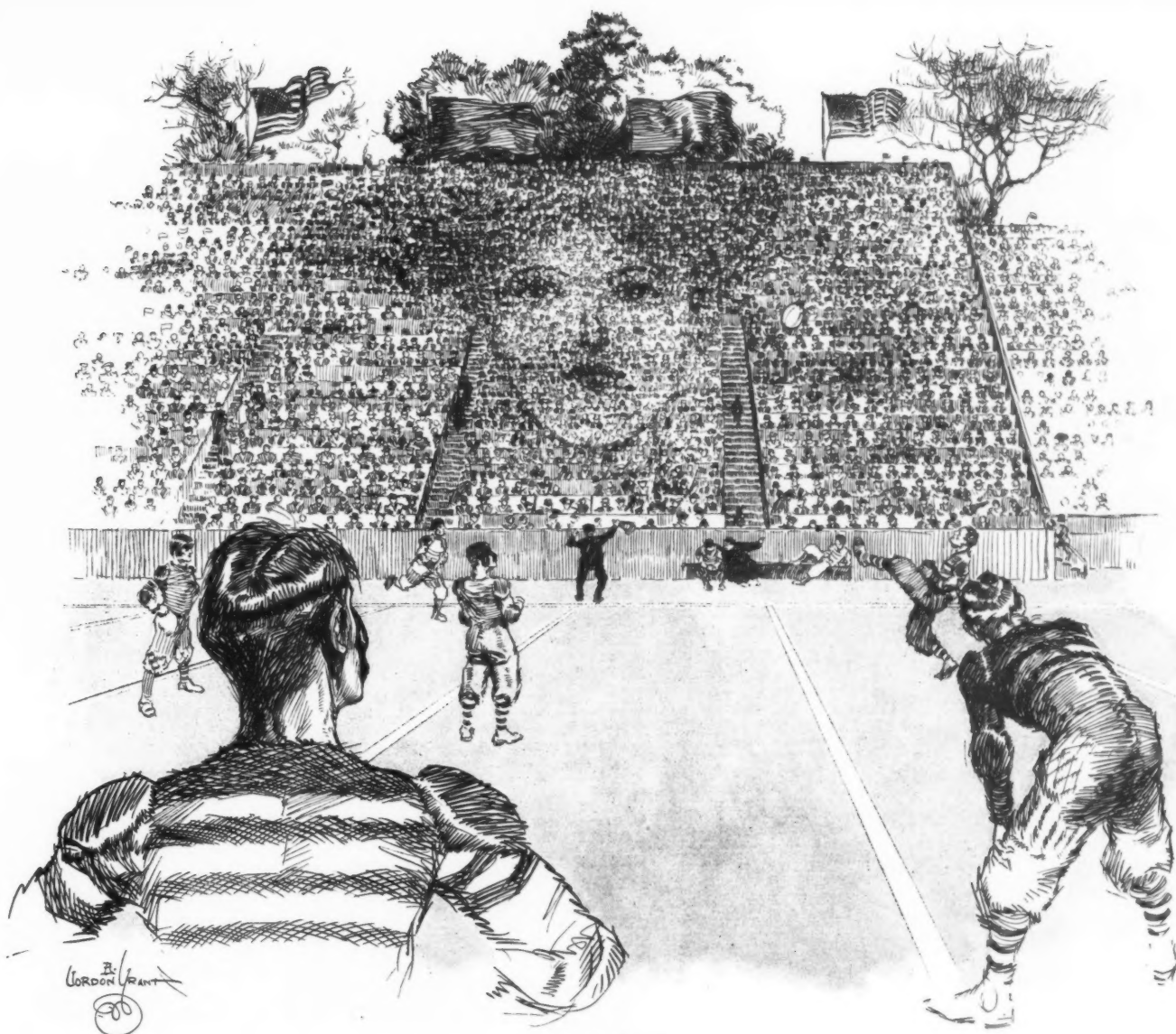


A BIG BLAZE FOR A SMALL EXTINGUISHER.

AGAIN IN the Southland have protests been filed against "Uncle Tom's Cabin." And right in the wake of Theodore's healing chit-chat, too. Can it be that in future no little Eva will be allowed to die, and no Simon Legree allowed to lash, south of Mason and Dixon's line?

THE Connecticut judge, who tried to stop a football scrap and "got a blow on the jaw" for his pains, is reminded that the place for "the innocent bystander" is invariably outside the ropes.

WHEN SEEN through the night, Bill Devery was still there, handing out epigrams.



THE CROWD.

A MAN'S-EYE VIEW BEFORE THE GAME.

SOME HORSE-SHOW CLASSES.

CLASS 19.—Judging 11 fashionable dressmakers from Troy; Olean, Fort Plain, Mechanicsville and Wappinger's Falls,

competitors, 30 years old and over, 6 hands high, to be shown to memorandum book and pencil. Friday evening at 9:30.

CLASS 32.—Judging 16 spirited, high-stepping Brooklynites; to be shown in double bridge crush harness, four-in-hand and tandem; wives to drive. Wednesday evening, 8:15.

CLASS 43.—Judging 9 blooded nursemaids and roundsmen; any nationality; to be shown to the usual four-wheeled vehicle; inmate not to count. Thursday afternoon at 2:30.

CLASS 13.—Open class for Johnnies, 17 years and over; chorus girls to drive; to be shown to Papa's money. Monday night at 8:10.

CLASS 24.—Judging 8 suburban gang-plank jumpers, Erie and D. L. and W., any height or age; to be shown to oil-stoves, groceries, tires and snow shovels; six successive jumps. Tuesday at 9 P. M.

CLASS 56.—Judging 6 skittish debutantes, from the Fifth Avenue and Morning-side stables; to be shown to all bachelors with money; style and action to count. Saturday evening at 9:30.



NERVE STRAIN.

MR. QUICKTAINT (trustee of Coldcash University).—I wish our professors would stop making speeches.

FELLOW MAGNATE.—Why, they have n't said anything objectionable, have they?

MR. QUICKTAINT.—No; but I have to keep reading their speeches to see if they do or not.



THE AGE OF GRAFT.

YOUNG MRS. DOUGHDUST.—Oh, Jack, baby spoke his first word to-day. He said "rake-off" as distinctly as you or father could.



ONCE the fashion-plates were scarecrows with the slimmest, wasp-like waists; But the modern magazinists have improved artistic tastes. Now instead of awful drawings made by men that could n't draw, There are photographic half-tones free from any sort of flaw. To such lengths have they proceeded with this system nice and new That it's hard to tell a portrait from a "side and back-breadth view." And there's many a sharp surprise that for the dear old foggy waits Since they've got to using photographs of folks for fashion-plates.

See the picture in the paper, of a lady fair and sweet — Just the very sort of person that the fellows like to meet. Fluffy tresses crown her forehead, she's a figure like a dream, While the witching imps of mischief 'neath her lowered lashes gleam. Then you bring the paper closer, so 's to figure out her name — She's "a dark-blue velvet costume with a jacket of the same." Other blows as hard as this one make us curse the foolish fates Since they've got to using photographs of folks for fashion-plates.

There's a girl that's simply ravishing, with eyes that fairly speak — She's "a princesse gown of pink and white that's trimmed with lace antique."

There's another clad for comfort in a long and clinging sacque — She's "a robe de nuit embellished with some shirring at the back." There's a matronistic person with a brow of classic height — She's "a handsome walking costume gathered bias at the right." Thus we helpless men are maddened by these rare and nameless baits Since they've got to using photographs of folks for fashion-plates.

Strickland W. Gillilan.



MR. DIMLOW GOES UP AGAINST IT.

MR. DIMLOW looked up from a page of Sabbath journalism. "You need n't go to town to-morrow after a girl," he remarked to his wife; "I'll attend to the matter myself."

"I hope you will have better luck than I have," Mrs. Dimlow answered, with a sigh.

"I expect to," said Mr. Dimlow. "I have just been reading an interview with the head of an intelligence office. He says that a man generally has less difficulty than a woman in persuading a general house-work girl to take a place in the suburbs. A man is much more business like in engaging a girl than the average woman. He tells her just what she has to do, and if she agrees to take service she is likely to stick."

"I am sure I do not underestimate the work in the house," Mrs. Dimlow protested. "If anything I exaggerate it."

"Well, well, we'll see," said Mr. Dimlow complacently, and returned to his newspaper.

The following morning he visited the employment bureau of the Salvation Army, from which one of his neighbors had extracted a cook, and made his wants known. The Captain, after ascertaining the wages to be paid, called in Jane. Jane was middle-aged, English, and placid. Mr. Dimlow talked with her in businesslike fashion. He explained precisely the work to be done, the wages he would pay, which were generous, how far it was to the nearest neighbor, the sort of room she would occupy, and the absence of laundry work, which was done out. Jane agreed to go to Paradise Park on the afternoon train. The whole transaction had not occupied fifteen minutes.

Mr. Dimlow bragged of his success to the junior partner. "Salvation Army, eh?" remarked the latter. "Tell you how to keep her: beat a drum and sing ragtime hymns to her."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Dimlow. "She wanted to know how far the Episcopal church was. She's a steady body; none of your frivolous, floating kind."

When Mr. Dimlow arrived at Paradise Park that evening, a



THE DISGUISED DEMON.

THE TEMPERANCE SPINSTER. — Leave me, Silas, forever! The lips that touch patent medicine shall never touch mine!!

PUCK

happy wife and a capital dinner awaited him.

"You see," he observed, with conscious satisfaction. "No trouble at all when a *man* hires a girl."

"It is too good to be true, John," said his wife. "She won't stay."

"Nonsense! If she mentions leaving let me know and I'll talk to her."

The opportunity arose the following evening. Jane had mentioned leaving, and reminded the mistress that Mr. Dimlow had promised to pay her fare back to the city, in case the "place" did not suit her. Mr. Dimlow entered the kitchen and had another heart to heart talk with the English lady.

"She likes the place first rate," he reported to his wife; "only she does n't like waiting on table so much. We'd better pass the things ourselves."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Dimlow hopelessly. "Anything to keep her."

This was the first of many concessions to Jane—all, all of no avail. On the fourth day she again announced her intention of leaving. Mr. Dimlow had another "business-like" talk with her.

"Is the work too hard, Jane? Shall I hire a second girl?"

"No, sir; the work is n't hard. I'd rather be alone."

"Don't you like your room?"

"It's a very nice room, sir, a very nice room indeed."

"Does the dog or the cat bother you?"

"Oh, no; I'm fond of cats and dogs. They don't bother."



MERELY THE SUGGESTION.

HIS WIFE.—Oh, Charles, what has happened, what is it?

YOUNG LAWYER.—Disgraced, Emily, disgraced! My reputation's ruined! Some one has suggested my name for director of a Life Insurance Company!

"Do you like Mrs. Dimlow and me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why in Sam Hill do you want to leave?"

"It's so lonesome here."

"You knew that before you came. You told me you wanted a quiet place. You objected to my hiring a second girl, because you preferred to be alone."

"It's too lonesome here." Mr. Dimlow hit the ceiling.

"Confound your worthless hide, you get right out of here!" he roared. "Don't wait till the morning. There is a train at 8:30. If I find you hanging around here half an hour from now I'll throw you out the window."

"You promised to pay my fare back," the unruffled Jane reminded him.

He flung the sixty cents at her and strode out of the kitchen.

"I tell you what it is, Ellen," he declared to his wife, "this servant problem is becoming intolerable."

"Yes, John," said Mrs. Dim-

B. L. T.

IN THE BLACK HILLS.

HOLD-UP PETE.—Shoot me for a catamount, but them tender-foots in that coach have nerve. They don't seem a bit skeered of guns.

BAD BILL.—They ain't skeered of nothing. That's a bunch on their way to the divorce colony.

AND THE RESEMBLANCE NEVER STRUCK HIM.



I.

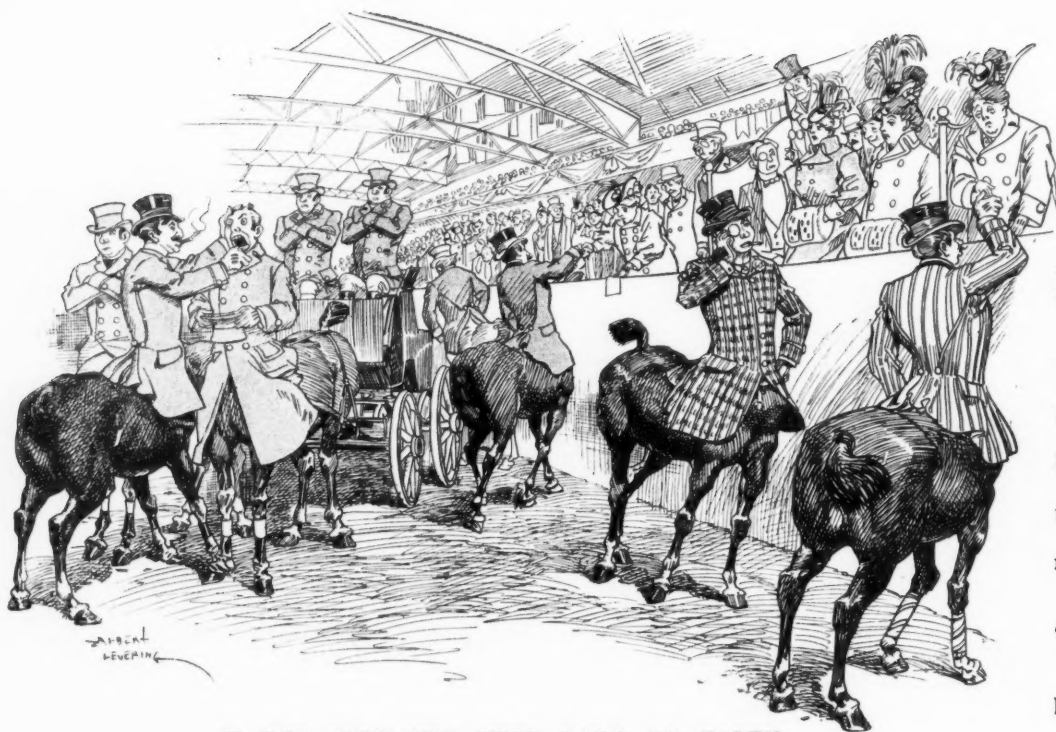
OLD MR. TRUSTBACKER.—I say, sir, it is brutal, sir! Cowardly! The idea of a game in which a big brute like that may jump on and injure a little fellow!



II.

OLD MR. TRUSTBACKER (in business hours).—What's that? That little fellow up in Punktown still refuses to sell out to us? Very well, sir; we'll c-crush the life out of him!

By common consent no man is an impostor who begins with deceiving himself. Otherwise we should all be impostors.



IF THE CENTAURS WERE BACK ON EARTH.

THE HORSE SHOW.

A VOICE FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

"I SUPPOSE," said the Sultan, "that Turkey will be invited to send delegates to the next Peace Conference."

"No doubt," said the Grand Vizier. "Does it interest Your Majesty?"

"Decidedly. It strikes me we ought to offer some resolutions like these:

"Whereas, Turkey is opposed to the effusion of blood, at any rate, under certain circumstances; and

"Whereas, we hate to lie awake at night worrying about bombardments and things like that; and

"Whereas, the practise of attempting or threatening to attempt to collect bills by means of warships tends to disturb the *entente cordiale* and may some time lead to trouble; Therefore,

"Be it resolved, That such attempts and threats are hereby declared to be a violation of international law and creditors are to be required to give bonds to keep the peace."

"May be you can put in better diplomatic language, but that's the idea. What do you think of it?"

"It's great!" exclaimed the Grand Vizier, who holds office, indeed, on condition of being enthusiastic about Abdul Hamid's ideas, when the latter has any.

"I think so," said the Sultan. "And even if Turkey should be alone in urging the resolution, I propose to have it offered."

"But Turkey will not be alone," said the Grand Vizier. "I venture to predict that President Castro will join hands across the sea and back us up to the extent of his ability."

Wm. E. McKenna.

TWO-FACED.

VISITOR (*sympathetically*).—My poor man, you have n't the face of a criminal.

CONVICT 'LEVENTY-SEVEN (*sarcastically*).—No, ma'm. I'd lent my face to a friend who was trying to work into a job as trusted cashier and Sabbath-school superintendent, and was wearing his'n when de jury convicted me.

TIP TO PUNTERS. When I got mine back it was everlastingly too late.



THE NERVE OF HIM.

"A DAM—Adam," repeated Saint Peter, meditatively; "the name seems familiar, but—"

"I," explained the applicant, "I come from Eden. I am the progenitor of the whole human race."

"And you!" thundered Saint Peter, "you have the nerve to apply for admission here? Front! Show the gentleman below."

NATURE.

"You should be very proud of having won the love of such a man."

"Then you advise me to marry him?"

"By all means. He is one of nature's noblemen."

"No doubt. But consider. This nature fad will inevitably pass."

FACILE PRINCEPS.

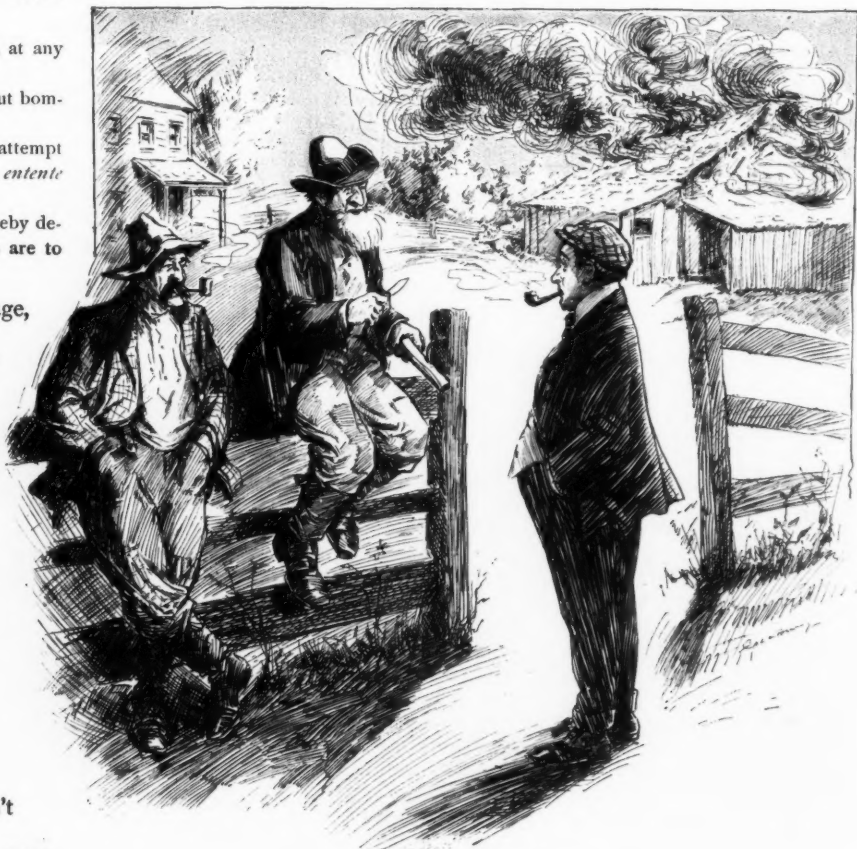
"It's the leading society paper in the town?"

"Oh, distinctly! It gets much the highest rates for leaving things out."

A JOYOUS LOCALITY.

"WHAT am yo' idee of Paradise, Brudder Utterback—dat is, fum a cullud man's standp'int?"

"Uh-well, sah, I sh'u'd dess about qualify dat a place whuh de niggers could set around in de shade all day and drink mint julups, while de Cuhnels and Majuhs, and such as dat, was 'bleeged to stand out in de blazin' sun and watch 'em, and at de same time have nothin' to drink but watuh, would sho'ly be Paradise—fum a cullud man's standp'int, as yo' says."



NOT DUE YET.

COMMUTER.—How long will it take the village hose company to get here?

NATIVE.—Wa-al, they *usually* gits around a leetle arter the insurance-adjuster does.

PUCK



IN METHUSELAH'S DAY.

SALESMAN.—What size suit does the little boy wear?
FOND MOTHER.—Well, he's only 68, but he takes usually a 73 year old size.

THE MODERN MAGAZINE STAFF.



AS WE timidly entered the editorial-sanctum of the *Ladies' Own Journal*, we were startled by the appearance of a score of deadly-looking individuals who were seated around the room with their feet on the desks, rolling cigarettes and spinning rough yarns. As we hastened to withdraw we were accosted by a mild-mannered gentleman with a blue pencil behind his ear.

"Why this haste in leaving?" he queried.
"Excuse us," we whispered; "we had no idea that we had stumbled into a round-up of yeggmen or strike breakers. We really thought we were in the editorial rooms of the *Ladies' Own Journal*."

The mild-mannered gentleman with the blue pencil smiled.
"And so you are," he elucidated, "and I am the editor-in-chief. These gentlemen you see seated around here are members of our staff. We have the largest staff of realistic writers of any magazine in the country. Follow me."

The editor-in-chief led the way around a maze of typewriters, telephones and desks and pointed us out a lanky fellow wearing a wide hat and a black mask.

"That is Second-Story Swipes," confided our guide proudly. "He is the cleverest house-breaker in the world. In our next number he will tell how he can break in a house and steal anything from the silver plate to the cook without even waking up the policeman. Swipes has served time in seven counties and we consider him the most brilliant sensational writer in the country to-day."

At this compliment Second-Story Swipes rolled another cigarette and grinned his approval.

"But who is that chap in a red flannel shirt and a black slouch hat pulled over his eyes?" we asked, passing on to the next desk.

"That is Hold-Up Hen, one of

the most notorious train robbers in forty states," replied the editor. "We napped him just as he stepped from behind the bars last week after serving a ten-year sentence for holding up a tourist special and robbing the people of more money than the Pullman car porter. He is undoubtedly the highest salaried hold-up writer in the profession. Wait until you read 'How I Did It With My Little Colt's' in our train-robbing special next spring."

"He certainly looks his part," we commented as we left Hold-Up Hen, cleaning his revolver with chamois; "but who is that hard-featured man with feline eyes and a missing thumb?"

"Our bank robber expert. He is at work on a nitro-glycerine story at present that would make your hair stand to read the proof-sheets. He was on the eve of doing a ten-year term for boring through a cement floor and up under a steel vault in a western bank, but we used a *habeas corpus* proceedings to have him on hand to write the nitro-glycerine story for our yeggman number."

"Your magazine is certainly progressive," we complimented, as we moved forward, "but you have not told us who that woman with the nervous eyes and retreating forward is."

The editor rubbed his hands.

"Why, that is Kate, the Kidnapper. She has kidnapped more children than all the gypsies put together. Just wait until you read her thrilling article entitled 'Copping a Kid' in our children's number. You will be fascinated."

Just then there was an uproar on the stairway and a swarthy man with a red cloth around his head dashed up the steps and handed the editor a bomb.

"Upon my word," chuckled the latter, "if it is n't Antonio. Gentlemen, this is Antonio, one of the famous Black Hand bomb-throwers. He has just joined our staff and will at once commence on his great story 'Dynamite or Death,' which will appear in our magazine later in the season. He is from New York and possibly you have met him before. I was robbed in New York myself once. Copy! Boy! Give Antonio a green shade and desk No. 11."



HIS COLLEGE BUZZ.

B-z-z, B-z-z, B-z-z!
B-z-z, B-z-z, B-z-z!
Bugtown, Bugtown!
B-z-z, B-z-z, B-z-z!

Victor A. Hermann.

Editor of Puck

Sir -

Onles yu cend
me \$500,000.00 dollars at
once I wil name
mi baby after yu



Blak Hand

P.s- If yu kood see the
baby yu wood not hesitate

SUCCESS.

MR. WRITUAL.—How is your brother, the young minister, getting on?

MISS CHANCELL.—Oh, splendidly! We do feel so elated;—why, he is getting nearly as much salary now as the soprano.

INSPIRATION.

GOETHE was met at the door by his wife.

"The new cook has come!" she cried joyfully.

Herewith he instantly dashed off the Jewel Song.

A PHILOSOPHER is one who can remember his injuries without forgetting himself.

WE sometimes find that what we thought was the golden rule is only so on the exposed side.

If wishes were horses, some beggars would still growl because they were not touring cars.



THE MAKING OF A SENATOR.
WHEN WILL THE PEOPLE STAND FROM UNDER?

PUCK



PUCK

THE BLUE RIBBON.



HE Centaur sighed, a cross between
A whinny and a groan,
And to our sympathetic ear
Poured out his little moan.

"I'm half a man and half a horse,
And so 't is plain," said he,
"Mythology is not the thing
They crack it up to be.

"If I had been half horse, half girl,
It would succeed, I know,
Just think of how I would have made
A grand composite Show!"

McLamburgh Wilson

THE TRIUMPH OF BUGG.

WHEN Jeremiah Bugg announced his candidacy
for mayor on an independent ticket the poli-
ticians laughed scornfully.

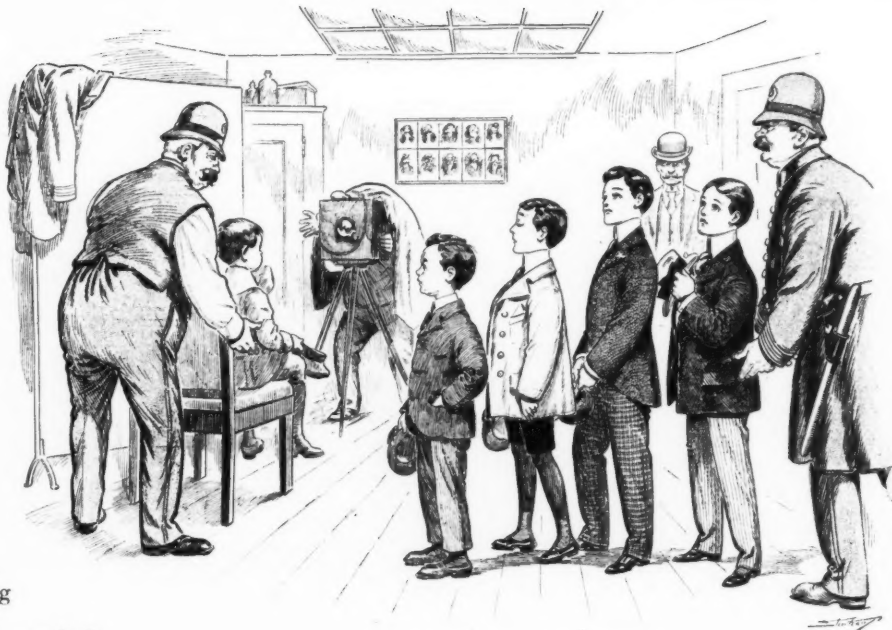
"What, Bugg?" they jeered. "Why, Bugg
has n't a show on earth."

Even Bugg's friends shook their heads, and remarked
that his domestic troubles had affected his head.

But when Jeremiah Bugg announced the platform on which he
proposed to run his friends applauded and the politicians laughed
on the other side of their mouths. Bugg's popularity grew like an
avalanche.

The regular candidates, swept off their feet, withdrew in his
favor, and every ballot cast election day was for Bugg.

For the simple platform of Jeremiah Bugg—Bugg's heaven
born inspiration—was the Municipal Ownership of Hired Girls!



IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

OFFICER CLANCY (*of the Headquarters Squad*).—Sure, 't is a grand
precaution of the Chafe's; photygraphin' the Wall Strate clerks an' office
byes that hov no bad habits.

FREE OF COST.

K NICKER.—So Jones has a cheap scheme to dig the canal?
BOCKER.—Yes; simply start reports of buried treasure.



JUST A GENTLE ONE.

THE MAN.—A fortune teller predicted that I would be lucky in love.

THE MAID (*demurely*).—And the same prediction precisely was made about me. Do you still think,
Henry, that we were made for each other?

PUCK



CHICKLESS.

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

WHEN I first saw Molly Brady it was at the basement dure
Of a mansion on Fift' Av'noo, an' I fell into her lure.
The spell she cast around me, sure it bound me fast an' sthrong,
An' me life flowed like the music of some sweet owld Irish song.

She said she kem fr'm County Clare — I know it must be thrue —
For her eyes wor like the violets that bloom round Killaloo.
Of lovers she 'd a score or more, an' ivery morn they 'd stand
While Molly swept the sidewalk wid her lovely snow-white hand.

A "cop" fr'm Tipperary town, a Londonderry man,
An English butler an' a moon-faced vally fr'm Japan,
The Dootchman who brought groceries — the Limerick iceman, too,
Wor tangled in the meshes of the queen of Killaloo.

Says she: "Now, Terrence, darlin', don't get mad at ivery thing,
I likes to keep the other lads that come here on the sthring;
An' when you see me coaxin' them don't notice it at all,
So start in to save yer money for our weddin' in the Fall."

I wur-rked hard for to win her an' — wid tears I tell the tale —
I got a siparation fr'm whiskey an' mixed ale.
An' whin I 'd saved enough to wipe me rivals off the map —
She wint to wur-rk, be jabbers, an' got married to the Jap.

Now me heart is tore to tatthers, an' I 'm sighin' all the day —
Sure, wondherful it is how Love will lave a man that way;
An' I 'm dhramin' of that false wan ivery night till dawn begins —
May the devil howld his lookin'-glass to Molly Brady's sins.

O. F.

THEIR HERDS.

"**T**HERE are some very large families in this region, are there not?"
inquired the tourist from the North who was sojourning for a
space in the Grand old Commonwealth of Arkansas.

"Well, only just toll'ably so," replied the prominent citizen
whom he had addressed. "Me and my brother-in-law, Lab Juckett,
have about as big families, I reckon, as any yurabouts, and, mixin'
'em all up together, we ain't got much more than just about enough
children to organize rival baseball teams, with a couple over for
umpires and a few for spectators, and such like."



PHOTOGRAPHIC.

MRS. JOHNSON. — De baby am de puffect image ob his fader.
MRS. MOKEBY. — Yeah; he 's a regular carbon copy.

Conscience, unlike lightning, strikes often in the same place.

NESTOR

(NESTOR GIANACLIS, CAIRO)

CIGARETTES TO BE MADE IN AMERICA

The famous "Nestor" Gianaclis Cigarette, which has been acknowledged the leader of Egyptian Cigarettes the world over, will, from next month, be made in Boston.

Mr. Nestor Gianaclis, himself, has arrived in that city from Cairo.

A factory has been engaged containing 30,000 square feet of floor space.

There has already arrived undoubtedly one of the largest single shipments of Turkish Tobacco that has ever come to America. This consists of more than 1,000 bales imported direct from Cavalla.

This is the point where Mr. Nestor Gianaclis stores, and from which he ships, all of his high-grade Turkish Tobaccos to his factory in Cairo, Egypt.

Mr. Gianaclis, himself, will examine every bale of this tobacco, and give his expert attention to the grading, blending and manufacture of it.

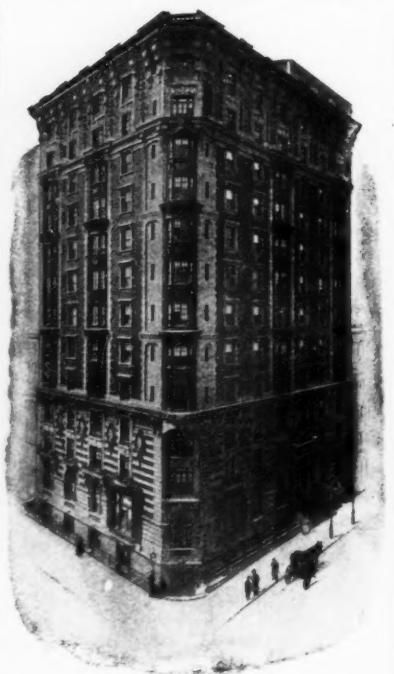
Smokers of Egyptian Cigarettes who want the genuine article, and to whom the word "Nestor" has always been synonymous with the best that there is in the cigarette line, will now be enabled to have the opportunity of buying genuine "Nestors" exactly as they have always been made in Cairo, Egypt, at 25 cents a package, instead of the old price of 40 or 45 cents, which made this most desirable cigarette almost prohibitive to many smokers.

Nestor Gianaclis Co. . . . Boston, Mass.

HOTEL SEVILLE

Madison Ave. and 29th St., N. Y.

In Shopping and Theatre District; Yet Located for Quiet and Ease. Near R. R. Stations. Crosstown Cars connecting with all Ferries pass the door.



SINGLE ROOMS or SUITES.

Furnished or Unfurnished.

Transient Rates from \$1.50 per day;

With Bath, \$2.00 per day.

EDWARD PURCHAS, Mgr.

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

SOMEWHAT SIMILAR.

"Women and men are very much alike in one respect," said the home-grown philosopher.

"What's the answer?" queried the experienced youth.

"Men," explained the philosophy dispenser, "lie about the fish they didn't catch and women lie about the men they could have married had they wanted to."—*Chicago Daily News.*

PLANS FOR WINTER.

Man no sooner gets in his winter supply of coal and his screens in the cellar than he has to break in his winter underwear.—*Detroit Free Press.*



THE WAY TO DO IT.

SIS.—What are you going to do with your pumpkins, Willie? Give 'em to mother?

BUB.—Not on your life. I'm going to get the baker to make some pies with 'em. Then I can eat all I want.

A glass of soda and a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters make a pleasing drink and act as a tonic.

THE NEW OFFICE BOY.

He's a modest little curly-headed fellow,

Whose age is scarcely greater than eleven,

The effulgence of his locks of tawny yellow

Is suggestive of a hale born of heaven.

We were smitten with his most uncommon beauty,

And we deemed him far too perfect for this earth,

When he modestly reported here for duty,

All unconscious of his transcendental worth.

O! the sweetness of his early morning greeting

In those first few days! How soft his boyish tones!

As he handed me my letters in the morning,

With "A lovely day! Good morning, Mr. Jones."

Ah! the period of all things that grow endearing

Is as fleeting as the dew upon the grass!

We have felt it; the misfortune we were fearing,

From the very first, has come at length to pass.

For our office boy has left us; we are lonely.

He is merely now a memory of the past.

He was with us but a fleeting fortnight only,

And has vanished, for he was too good to last.

We could tolerate his cigarettes and novels,

And his whistling, which was constant, loud and shrill,

But I drew the line when he remarked this morning:

"Gee! yer lookin' on de hog dis mornin', Bill!"

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE



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HEAVY EXERCISE.

HE.—After what you promised me, don't you think you were inconsiderate in giving six dances to that clumsy, lumbering Beefington?

SHE.—Perhaps, dear; but Mr. Beefington's dancing does so help me to keep up my physical culture.

LOOKING FORWARD.

"My son," said the conservative citizen, "I trust you will lead a correct existence and make it a point to keep out of all trouble with the police."

"I don't know about that," replied the truthful young man. "I expect to own an automobile some day."—*Washington Star*.

NO SHADOW OF DOUBT
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WHO USES A—



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OF COURSE NOT.

PATIENCE.—You're quite lame, to-day?

PATRICE.—Yes. Will stood on my foot for ten minutes, last night.

"And you allowed it?"

"I did n't know it."

"Did n't know he was standing on your foot?"

"No, I did n't. He was proposing at the time."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

TOUCHY.

"Beg pardon, madam," said the clerk, "but what did you say your name was?"

"I did n't say!" snapped the society person who had just completed her seventh matrimonial venture. "All you need to know is what my name is!"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

BUT the question among the irreverent is whether, as a convenient piece of furniture, that temperance bureau can ever fully take the place of the usual side-board.—*Indianapolis News*.

"MEN'S attire is ridiculous," says Sarah Bernhardt, and we have realized that that is true ever since we first saw Dr. Mary Walker. Only men can make it seemly.—*Somerville Journal*.

ATTENTION is being called to the Ohio clergyman who is reported to have received a mysterious impression that he should take a trip abroad. Possibly his congregation may discover they have received a mysterious impression that he can't do it at their expense.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you,
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe in heaven.—
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love."—*Ottawa*.

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Whiskey
Green Label.

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QUICK LUNCH HOUR.

CHURCH.—What is your lunch hour?

GOHAM.—Between 12 o'clock and 5 minutes after.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

NOT CONDUCTIVE TO INDUSTRY.

FIRST PARTNER.—Heigho! I wish I could have a month's vacation.

SECOND PARTNER.—What's the matter with you? You have just had a month's vacation.

FIRST PARTNER.—I guess that's the reason.—*Somerville Journal*.

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
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STRANGE CASE.

"It's strange, sir," said the lawyer who was doing a cross-examining stunt, "that you have no memory."

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the witness. "Look in the jury box—there are twelve men who have no opinions."
—*Chic. Daily News.*

CHICKENS are a good deal like men. A rooster will be cock of the walk for years. Then younger roosters will tackle him, and be whipped. But the young roosters will keep at him, taking punishment patiently, and finally the old rooster will become so stiff that one of the youngsters will down him. And that settles him: The hens will rush to his conqueror, and pay no attention to the former champion.—*Atchison Globe.*

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Butlers in the best families, chefs in leading hotels and cafes and all first-class cooks can tell you that Soups, Fish, Hot and Cold Meats, Gravies, Game, Salads, etc., are given a rare and appetizing relish if seasoned with **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.** Refuse imitations.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"I don't tip waiters," said the occasional patron, "because I feel that I can't afford it."

"And I always tip them," said the traveler, "because I feel that I can't afford not to." — *Detroit Free Press.*

ANOTHER difference between boys and girls: A boy never borrows a baby to wheel around. — *Washington Democrat.*

THE entire supply of October brides, to be sure, is just about taken, but there are not lacking those who are confident that the November ones are just as good. Hence, that continuation of busy business with the license clerk. — *Indianapolis News.*

LOVE AS IT IS GRAMMARED.

I vow I'm caught by Cupid's ruses,
(If not by his'n, why then by whoses?)
When on thy bosom rest red roses,
Oh, how I wish that I were thoses;
And when thy cheek is kissed by breezes
'T is then that I would fain be theses.
E'en when I reach my last long bourne
I'll wish my chance might be like yourn.
—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

BIGGER GAME.

"I hear Miss Footlights has turned down a crown prince."

"Yes, a life insurance magnate proposed just in the nick of time." — *Detroit Free Press.*



SHOW.

FEMININE ROOTER (at football game). — Our boys don't seem to have much of a show, do they?

MASCULINE ROOTER (grimly). — Only the show they are making of themselves.

An ounce of sherry and a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters before meals is a wonderful appetizer.

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This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huevos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of histrio-adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Monsieur D'en Brochette," is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.
—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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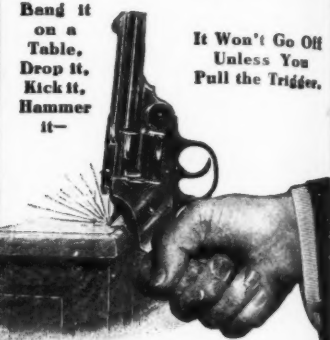
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A HUMANE ATTACHMENT.

A huge touring car tore past with the extra emergency tire strapped securely to its side.

Two street gamins gazed after it intently.

"Say, Jimmie, what's that round thing a-hangin' on the side?"

"Gee! don't ye know? That's a life-preserver, en when they's in danger o' runnin' over enybody they jes' throws that overboard to 'em." — *Lippincott's Magazine.*

THE man with a pull can sometimes get along without much push. — *Somerville Journal.*

A PROFANE man takes to the tall timber when the patient man begins to say things. — *Chicago Daily News.*

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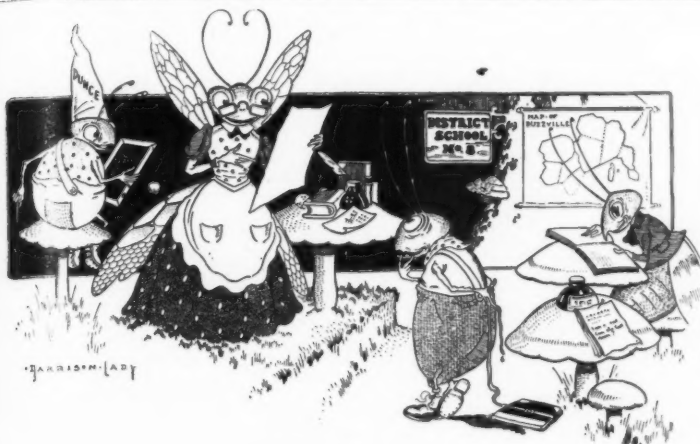
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Is n't it taking unfair advantage to Mr. Bryan for politicians to pick him as the Democratic presidential candidate two years hence while he is out of the country?—*Detroit Free Press*.



INCAPACITATED.

TEACHER.—Did your mother write this note, Willie Crawler?

WILLIE.—No 'm; those are fly-tracks. My mother sprained her ankle.



Going to Sea by Rail

Reads like a fairy tale but is an accomplished fact. One of the most interesting and difficult feats of railroad engineering was the building of a bridge across the waters of Great Salt Lake. This is one of the sights for passengers on their trip to

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SCARED OUT.

"Why did the earl break the engagement?"

"Oh, he became afraid, when he found out that her father was president of a life insurance company, that the old man would appoint him a vice-president or give him some other kind of a job that would make it necessary for him to at least memorize the figures referring to the assets and liabilities."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish
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It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals on wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

CONTENT.

"Is your son doing well at college?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Cornfossel. "He had his picture took after the football game, and it showed he had his regular share of arms an' legs. I should say he was doin' right well."—*Washington Star*.

NOT A BIG FAMILY.

"I've just been reading all this insurance testimony."

"Looks bad, does n't it?"

"Well, not nearly so bad as it might look."

"How so?"

"Suppose the McCurdy family had been one of the kind that Roosevelt believes in."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

FOR OTHERS ONLY.

"No man is indispensable,"
We often say, but then
We can't see why this should apply
To us like other men.
—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

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HARD LINES.

"And you say the rheumatism's in your left leg, colonel?"

"It is, sir."

"Why, that's your wooden leg!"

"I know it, sir," replied the colonel;—"that makes it all the harder."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

MORE SENSIBLE.

SHE.—Do you believe in telling fortunes?

HE.—No. I believe in making them!—*Detroit Free Press*.

BRAINS and impudence is a combination hard to defeat.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"I've figured it out and for many reasons determined to."
"FOLLOW THE FLAG"



"Follow the Flag"

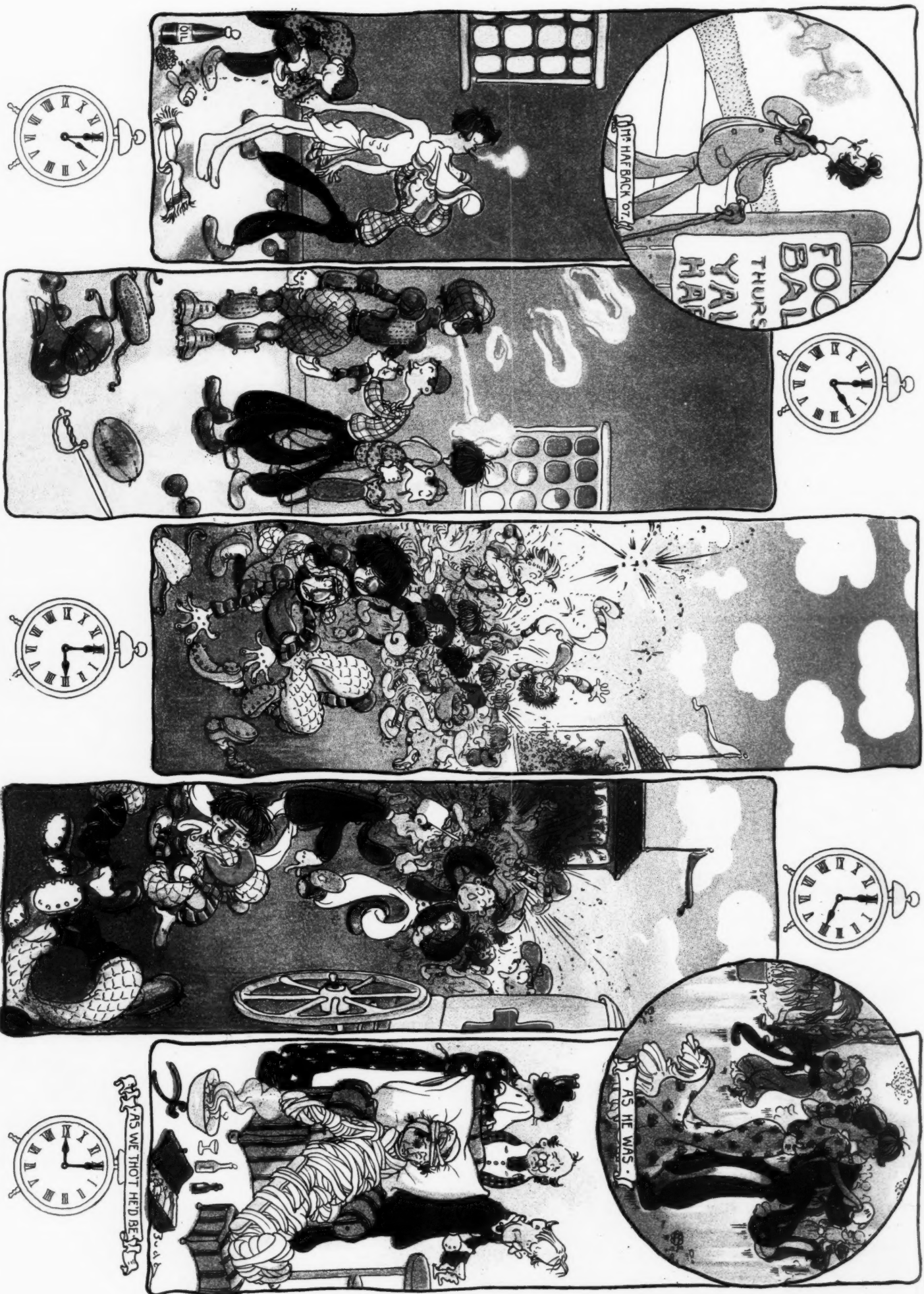


There is nothing more assuring to the traveler than his knowledge of the fact that he is traveling on a firm road-bed upon which is laid the heaviest of steel rails, made true in all their curves, and that the train which carries him is of the highest standard of excellence known in railroads, and is being guided to its destination by experienced minds. These are the conditions which become apparent to the frequent traveler on the Wabash Line and which have made that line justly famous.

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